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WHOLE NUMBER 299.

My Mother's Voice.

I often think there is a link
Between this world and the other,
And when I hear, afar and near,
A voice that I could not mistake,
That comes to me from far or near,
Where memory is in its power,
The sweetest sound my heart has found,
Is my dear mother's voice.

In dreams of late I feel her kiss,
Her hand upon my head,
And I hear her voice in my ear,
As if she were beside me,
And I feel her love in my heart,
As if she were within me,
And I feel her presence in my soul,
As if she were all in me.

In olden times, or night or day,
When I was young and free,
By the old mill stream, or in the vale,
Where the wild flowers grew,
I used to hear her voice,
And I feel her love in my heart,
As if she were within me,
And I feel her presence in my soul,
As if she were all in me.

I do not know, it may be so,
That I have heard her voice,
But I feel her love in my heart,
As if she were within me,
And I feel her presence in my soul,
As if she were all in me.

The Drinker's Penitence.

The history of all iniquity includes
A victim class, and a class who profit
By making them victims. The sinful
poor lose to the sinful rich, and it
would be their deliverance if they
could always see how much the latter
gain by them. It is refreshing now
and then to read the story of one who
did so.

A young man whom I know, says
a correspondent of a New York paper,
crossed the Chelsea Ferry to Boston
one morning, and turned into Com-
mercial street for his usual glass. As
he poured out the poison, the land-
lord's wife came in, and confidently
asked for five hundred dollars to pur-
chase an elegant shawl she had seen.
He drew from his breast pocket a
well-filled pocket-book, and counted
her out the money.

The man pushed aside the glass un-
touched, and laying down ten cents,
departed in silence. That very morn-
ing his wife had asked him for ten
dollars to purchase a cheap cloak that
she thought he had not the money.
As he left the saloon he reflected:

"Here I am, helping to pay for a five-hundred dollar cashmere shawl for that man's wife, but my wife needs in vain for a ten-dollar cloak. I can't stand this. I have spent my last dime for drink!"

When the next pay-day came, his wife was surprised with a beautiful new cloak from her reformed husband. She could hardly believe her own eyes as he laid it out on the table saying:

"There, Emma, is a present for you. I have been a fool long enough. Forgive me for the past, and I will not touch liquor again."

She threw her arms about his neck, and her tears told her joy as she sobbed:

"Charlie, I thank you a thousand times! I never expected so nice a cloak. You couldn't have selected a prettier one. This seems like other days. Come, now, I have supper all ready. You are so good and I am so happy."

The great, strong, noble fellow couldn't hide his tears as he related the facts to me. He said it was the happiest hour in ten years of married life.

As probably every one is aware, Mr. Abram Askins, of Kentucky, has three beautiful unmarried daughters, and, strange to say, three handsome but penniless young men contracted a habit of visiting at Abram's and conversing with him about the political affairs of the day. This ever-recurring evening talk became so interesting that the daughters three resolved to marry the blushing three in order to participate perpetually in this absorbing evening chat. Mr. Askins objected, and likewise did Mrs. Askins, and so the young men's asking was in vain. However, the girls didn't object, and an elopement was resolved upon. Now, here is where the filial affection comes in. Instead of eloping one after another, and thus causing three distinct and separate lacerations of the paternal and maternal hearts, they managed to make one elopement office, and three blooming damsels went off with three young men and in three different buggies the same evening, and the minister made the half-dozen three.

A woman writes to the Boston Globe to say that there is a question in her mind whether it is exactly the proper thing for young men clerks in shoe-stores to fit young ladies' boots on and lace them up for them. She says she saw a young man fit two pairs of boots, one after another, on a young lady recently, and then they couldn't find a fit—and the young fellow seemed to like it, too.

A Pleasant Reminiscence.

In one of the hotly-contested fights in Virginia, during the war, a Federal officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded, and crying piteously for water, a Confederate soldier (James Moore, of Burke County, N. C.) declared his intention of supplying him with drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends endeavored to dissuade him from such a hazardous enterprise. Despite remonstrance and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastwork, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy and gave him a drink. The Federal, under a sense of gratitude for the timely service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who had braved such danger to succor him; the name was given, and Moore returned unhurt to his position behind the entrenchment. They saw nothing more of each other. Moore was subsequently wounded and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home in Burke County. A few days ago he received a communication from the Federal soldier to whom he had given "the cup of cold water" on the occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him the sum of \$10,000, to be paid in four equal annual installments of \$2,500 each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception about the matter.

A Demand of an Actress.

An English actress was telegraphed by the Manager of Mr. Fisk's Opera House to know her terms for an engagement. She replied: "1,000 dollars a week, a third of the house clear once a week, 1,000 dollars to break an engagement in St. Louis, and railroad expenses for three people from New Orleans." The Manager replied: "Madam—Your terms are much too low. You shall have all that comes in the house Mr. Fisk will present you with the Opera House, 200 miles of the Erie Railway, besides what personal property he has accumulated in a life of toil and self-denial; also all that he may make for the next five years, which if we may judge by the past, will be no inconsiderable amount. If these terms should not meet with your approbation, it may be possible to make Gould give up what little he has that the light of your resplendent genius may not be lost to the stage."

One of the swindlers who advertise remedies for consumption free of cost, but with pretended disinterestedness offer to send the ingredients for \$3, has been exposed in Philadelphia. His room was littered with letters that had enclosed money, and two women were hard at work getting circulars and packages of the nostrum ready for the mail. The peculiar wickedness of this swindle lay in the character of the mixture sent, of which a physician said: "This wonderful remedy is virtually hashish, the primary effect of which is exhilarating, but its continued use is highly injurious and debilitating. The system of a weakly patient once accustomed to its use must have it, or ceasing to use it, will rapidly fail. In other words, its habitual use is almost, if not quite, as pernicious as the opium habit."

There is a mild excitement in Kentucky about the United States Senator, soon to be chosen. General Jno. S. Williams, familiarly known as "Old Cerro Gordo Williams," is, of course, a candidate. As usual, he is full of confidence, telling all who ask about his chances: "I've got 'em this time. They can't beat me." The General has "had 'em" innumerable times before, but somehow they always slip away from him when the voting begins. There is some talk about Governor McCreary, and a little about Proctor Knott, but the man who is thought to have the best chance of winning is Judge William Lindsay, of the Court of Appeals. [New York Tribune.]

She was from the country, and she went into a Main-street store and asked to look at some stockings. "What number, ma'am?" inquired the polite clerk. "What number? Young man, ain't you ashamed of yourself to ask such a question? Do you suppose just cause I live in the country that I go scot-free around with one stocking?" Then the clerk managed to make her understand that he wanted to know the size of the stocking she required, and she said she guessed about eleven inches would do for the foot, and as to the rest it didn't matter much.

The young man is relate. He is thinking how he will have his overcoat made up, and what kind of a story he will tell his tailor in order to get it out of the shop.

Here we had a fine crowd and twenty-five scenes for the lodge. This lodge, with regard to all others, is the best lodge in Kentucky in appearance. It is composed of the handsomest people we ever saw in any one organization. We feel that we do not say too much when we say that there are twenty young ladies in the lodge who would be belles in any one community. Young men, one look at this lodge is worth a trip to Stanford. Among the initiates were more of the same sort, Misses Withers, Hart, Paxton, and Bradshaw being beautiful, and others whom we did not know just the same. Miss Ella Hart is a teacher in the Stanford Female College, and we expect much from her influence, which her many accomplishments make extensive.

We had the honor of being the guest of this college. It is in charge of Mrs. Sallie Trueheart, a lady truly fitted to the place she holds. We know of no college we would rather send a daughter to be educated and cared for. Every care is given to their health and manners as well as culture of mind. It is really a charming home where a noble, cultured, kind, Christian lady presides. [G. W. Bain in Good Templars Advocate.]

Louisville Girls. Louisville school girls are as mischievous as pretty. The principal of the girls' High School lectured the senior class a day or so ago for wearing their hair frizzed and crimped. The style in which Mrs. Hayes combs her hair was held out to them as "be-coming, modest and pretty." The girls said nothing, but next day came to school, to the number of seventy-five, all with their hair smoothed over their ears. The contrast in the way their hair was arranged with their young faces was very comical. The principal no longer objects to "frizzes," but is as pronounced as ever in believing Mrs. Hayes puts up her hair better than any lady in the land. [Cor. Cin. Enquirer.]

Congressional Elitists. I have seen flirtations too disgraceful to repeat. Not only are the entrances to the Capitol thronged by brazen creatures who have lost all womanly modesty, but there are girls scarcely past childhood, leaning on Senators' arms, listening with glowing cheeks to compliments paid them by the great men in the corners of the corridors, eating with them in the restaurant, and unexpectantly and innocently being the subjects of winks between Congressmen. They—high-minded Legislators—will leave their seats any time, no matter how urgent the subject in debate, to answer the call of an attractive woman. [Washington Letter.]

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.—And the winds blew upon the woman and whirled her hat over the fence, and tugged enthusiastically with her over-skirt, and when she held the front down the back flew up, and when she held the back down the front flew up. And straightway the fiery spirit of her sex arose within her, and she backed up against the fence, shut her knees together on the front breadth of every thing, poked the hair away from her eyes and smiled sweetly, while the wind howled and shrieked around her; and moaned, and sobbed and darted between her ankles; and found again that it could wiggle except the loose end of a shoe-string. [Fulton (N. Y.) Times.]

TO TAKE DENTOUT OF FURNITURE.—If the dent is not too deep it may be removed in the following manner: Wet the part with warm water; then take five or six folds of brown paper, well-soaked, and lay upon the dent; place, and upon this hold a hot flat iron till all the moisture is evaporated. Should this not entirely remove the dent, repeat the process once or twice. It will require but one or two applications to raise the dent spot level with the surface. Or, if the dent be very small, merely soak it with warm water, and apply a red-hot poker very near the surface; keep it constantly wet, and in a few minutes the dent will disappear.

A story is told of a Chicago bride who said to the groom as she alighted from the carriage at the church door, she upon the ground and he upon the trail of her dress: "Oh, dear; how awkward you are!" He said nothing, but evidently felt hurt. However, he gave her his arm and they marched to the altar. When she had said she would take him to be her wedded husband, he blurted out: "Oh, dear; how awkward you are," and left the church. That was the end of that ceremony.

Better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

Stanford.

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A Timely Suggestion.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours and open them, that I may be cheered and refreshed by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days. [N. Y. Evangelist.]

Remarkable Mormon Marriage.

But the most remarkable case of incestuous intermarriage which ever happened in the Territory is thus described: A certain bishop of the Mormon Church married a widow with two daughters, which will be named Ann and Mary, for the purpose of stating the conditions of this marital problem. After Ann and Mary grew up the bishop married them also. By the mother he had a son named James; by Mary he had a daughter named Sallie, and by Ann he had a daughter named Jane. Jim married Sallie, and had a son named John. Ann's daughter Jane, married John, and had a son named Richard. The problem, or rather problems, are: What relation is John to the bishop, to his own mother and father, and to the bishop's wife and her immediate children? [Detroit News.]

THE PUNISHMENT OF A COQUETTE.—William Roberts, aged 22 years, lived on his father's farm in Bradford county, Pa., just below the State line. A few days ago he asked the daughter of a neighboring farmer, to whom he had been paying attention, if she would marry him. She laughed at him, and said she intended to marry another man, naming a rival whom Roberts especially disliked. He went home, and shortly afterward hanged himself with a tie strap. The girl, on learning of the suicide, exclaimed: "Oh, I intended to marry Billy. I was only teasing him." She then fell in a swoon.

PRINTING OFFICE RULES.—The following rules should be strictly observed by persons having occasion to visit a printing office:

Enter softly.
Sit down quietly.
Subscribe for the paper.
Don't touch the type.
Keep six feet from the devil.
Hands off manuscript.
Don't talk to the compositors.
Don't carry off exchanges.
Never grab a paper.
Gentlemen observing these rules when entering a printing office will greatly oblige the editor and will have no fears of the devil.

RESTORING THE COLOR OF LACE.—Lace may be restored to its original whiteness by first ironing it slightly, then tucking it and sewing it into a clean linen bag, which is placed for twenty-four hours in pure oil. Afterwards the bag is to be boiled in a solution of soap and water for fifteen minutes, then well rinsed in lukewarm water, and finally dipped into water containing a slight proportion of starch. The lace is then to be taken from the bag and stretched on palls to dry.

He was a dapper young man, and had been detailed by a perching party, of which he was a member, to look after the lunch basket. "How much for pickles?" he asked, as he entered a village grocery store. "Two cents apiece is the regular price," replied the merchant, "but here is one with the end bitten off which you can have for a cent."

Kangaroo hides have already become an important article of export from Australia. They make the most pliable leather that is known, admirably fitted for bootlegs, gloves, and riding whips. The skins are sent to Europe, some tanned, and some simply dried. [Fortsch. d. Zeit.]

To remove rust from steel, cover the metal with sweet oil well rubbed in; 48 hours after rub with finely pulverized unslaked lime.

The stockings that Miss Vanderbilt wore when she married Mr. T. W. T. of New York, the other day, cost \$120 a pair.

He who confers a favor should at once forget it, if not he shows a sordid, ungenerous spirit. To remind a man of a kindness conferred on him, and to talk of it is little different from reproach.

A saving woman at the head of the family is the very best saving bank established—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the woman would imitate at once they would cultivate and adhere to it, and when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a security in a short time, and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to work in. The best way to make her comprehend it is to have an account kept of current expenses. Probably not woman out of ten has any idea how much the expenditures of herself and family. When from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a prompting of avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon a woman as well as upon the man.

A company of printers from Constantinople have joined the Turkish army. They ought to be good at it—at the enemy in the rear and regions of Bulgaria. [N. Y. Commercial.]

It is surprising that they should be so foolish in their lives where shot and shell may put an untimely end to their existence. [Graphic.]

That's nothing. They run the risk of getting pained every day they work at the cases. [Burlington Hawk-eye.]

In a 200 to 250 conflict they — and £ 11—out of a 250 with a surprising 5 of agility. [Lexington Press.]

A matrimonial bureau lately opened in Vienna the ladies pay a fee and are required to attend for two hours daily. Men call and are introduced. Women who possess accomplishments are requested to play the piano, and are examined with regard to their sentiments and acquisitions. One visit sometimes settles a case, but more are often paid. The ladies have the privilege of rejecting candidates without being subjected to additional fees during the period for which they have paid.

A poor young man fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parents' consent to make them happy. At length meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" "I cannot command much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell the truth, I expect to run away with your daughter and marry her, if you don't give your consent!"

An Irishman who had been sick a long time was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered. Were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Oh, no, your reverence! It was meetin' the other party that I was afraid of!" replied Pat.

"O for some new-coined name by which to call him! O for some name no other lips could give!" was the prayer of Violet Fane until she married him. Now she is content to call him "Old Beeswax."

To renew manuscripts, take a hair pencil and wash the part that has been effaced with a solution of prussiate of potash in water, and the writing will again appear, if the paper has not been destroyed.

A Nebraska Judge decided to give a horse-thief one more chance to reform. As the fellow left the neighborhood, to begin a new and better life, he took along the Judge's horse to help him.

A cheap vinegar consists of 25 gallons of warm rain water with 4 gallons of molasses and 1 gallon of yeast. The mixture can be used after it has been allowed to ferment.

The latest discovery is the phonograph, by which the voices of the living are distinctly reproduced months, years or centuries after the speakers are dead and buried.

Nice little girl—"Oh, do let me see you drink."—Captain Grogan—"Why, my dear?" "Nice little girl—"Because ma says you drink like a fish."—[Judy.]

If you have a friend with a cough or cold, tell him to try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. He will thank you for your advice. The price is only 25 cents.

A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than life.

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Receipt for Curing Hams.

The Rural New Yorker gives the following quantities for twelve hams. For a more or less quantity use in this proportion: Take three pounds of fine salt, one-half pound of molasses, mix well together, and rub end of ham with the mixture. Then put them in a cask and allow them to stand five or six days, after which they should be reversed, the top hams being put in the bottom, sprinkling fine salt between each layer; again let them stand five or six days, when a pickle strong enough to hold an egg. Always place the hams for pickling with skin side down. After remaining in pickle for six weeks the hams should be taken out, strings put through them and hung up to drain for four or five days, when they should be sent to the smoke-house. For keeping them through the summer months, wrap them well in brown paper, and pack in a cask or barrel, with a liberal supply of dry wood ashes. Persons who use this recipe will always have fine meat.

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A matrimonial bureau lately opened in Vienna the ladies pay a fee and are required to attend for two hours daily. Men call and are introduced. Women who possess accomplishments are requested to play the piano, and are examined with regard to their sentiments and acquisitions. One visit sometimes settles a case, but more are often paid. The ladies have the privilege of rejecting candidates without being subjected to additional fees during the period for which they have paid.

A poor young man fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parents' consent to make them happy. At length meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" "I cannot command much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell the truth, I expect to run away with your daughter and marry her, if you don't give your consent!"

An Irishman who had been sick a long time was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered. Were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Oh, no, your reverence! It was meetin' the other party that I was afraid of!" replied Pat.

"O for some new-coined name by which to call him! O for some name no other lips could give!" was the prayer of Violet Fane until she married him. Now she is content to call him "Old Beeswax."

To renew manuscripts, take a hair pencil and wash the part that has been effaced with a solution of prussiate of potash in water, and the writing will again appear, if the paper has not been destroyed.

A Nebraska Judge decided to give a horse-thief one more chance to reform. As the fellow left the neighborhood, to begin a new and better life, he took along the Judge's horse to help him.

A cheap vinegar consists of 25 gallons of warm rain water with 4 gallons of molasses and 1 gallon of yeast. The mixture can be used after it has been allowed to ferment.

The latest discovery is the phonograph, by which the voices of the living are distinctly reproduced months, years or centuries after the speakers are dead and buried.

Nice little girl—"Oh, do let me see you drink."—Captain Grogan—"Why, my dear?" "Nice little girl—"Because ma says you drink like a fish."—[Judy.]

If you have a friend with a cough or cold, tell him to try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. He will thank you for your advice. The price is only 25 cents.

A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than life.

A Good Suggestion.

A saving woman at the head of the family is the very best saving bank established—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the woman would imitate at once they would cultivate and adhere to it, and when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a security in a short time, and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to work in. The best way to make her comprehend it is to have an account kept of current expenses. Probably not woman out of ten has any idea how much the expenditures of herself and family. When from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a prompting of avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon a woman as well as upon the man.

Receipt for Curing Hams.

The Rural New Yorker gives the following quantities for twelve hams. For a more or less quantity use in this proportion: Take three pounds of fine salt, one-half pound of molasses, mix well together, and rub end of ham with the mixture. Then put them in a cask and allow them to stand five or six days, after which they should be reversed, the top hams being put in the bottom, sprinkling fine salt between each layer; again let them stand five or six days, when a pickle strong enough to hold an egg. Always place the hams for pickling with skin side down. After remaining in pickle for six weeks the hams should be taken out, strings put through them and hung up to drain for four or five days, when they should be sent to the smoke-house. For keeping them through the summer months, wrap them well in brown paper, and pack in a cask or barrel, with a liberal supply of dry wood ashes. Persons who use this recipe will always have fine meat.

A company of printers from Constantinople have joined the Turkish army. They ought to be good at it—at the enemy in the rear and regions of Bulgaria. [N. Y. Commercial.]

It is surprising that they should be so foolish in their lives where shot and shell may put an untimely end to their existence. [Graphic.]

That's nothing. They run the risk of getting pained every day they work